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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years,  
My heart shall reap where it has sown  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

## FUR-LINED OVERCOAT.

The second violinist handled his bow mechanically and even listlessly.

Once or twice he so far forgot himself as to draw the attention of the conductor, who rapped with his baton and glared at the offending player. This had the effect of making him hurried and nervous, and the man behind him whispered: "Steady, Jack! What's wrong with you? Jobs aren't too easy to get now-a-days."

The violinist was tired, and when he was tired, which was often the case, the music that danced round his brain was quite different from what he happened to be playing at the moment.

When the musical medley was over, and he was carefully covering the finger-board of his violin before closing the case, the conductor came up to him.

"I'm sorry, Jack," he said, "but if you don't pull yourself together we shall have to put some one else in your place. How is it? You can play well enough when you like."

"I was tired to-night," said Jack. "But the same thing has happened so often lately."

"I am often tired," said Jack. "You work too hard during the day," said the conductor kindly.

"Perhaps so. And then—the stuff I have to play here!"

"Stuff? Well, I admit it's not first-rate. But it's pretty enough, and then—it does."

"I know it does," said Jack, picking up the case. "Well, give me another chance. I'll try and keep awake to-morrow night."

"Good!" said the conductor. "But remember that I must think of the show."

As Jack turned into the street he was met by a girl, who clung close to his arm.

"You didn't expect to see me to-night?" she asked.

"No. Were you in the gallery?"

"Yes. In the gallery." They walked on in silence for a time, picking their way eastward through the crowded Strand. Close behind them a man with a fur collar turned up about his ears paced musically. The girl turned and saw him.

"If you had only a fur-lined coat," she said to Jack. He laughed.

"I'm much more likely to have no coat at all soon, Nellie. To-night Griffin told me that if I didn't improve I'd have to go."

"Shame!"

"He's quite right, little girl. I can't somehow keep my attention fixed in that place. But never mind. I have my violin still, and I've nearly finished the opera, and some day we shall be rich. If I only had you with me always! But we must wait a little longer."

"Must we?"

"Why—mustn't we?"

"I thought, perhaps," Nellie said, hesitatingly, "that if we married you'd get on better. It wouldn't cost much to keep, and I can make enough for that by a little painting, you know; and then think what I should save by house-keeping."

"But, my dear child, I could not think of letting you work like that."

"I should be happier."

"And suppose I lose my place at the end of the week?"

"You'll soon find a better one."

"I'll think about what you've

been saying. If we could only manage—"

"I'm sure we could, beautifully." You won't do any more work to-night?"

"I must put in an hour or two."

A few minutes later he left her at the door of a small house in a side street, and then, crossing the main thoroughfare, he struck into a similar street on the other side. As he opened the dingy door of his lodgings a tall man in a fur-lined overcoat passed. Jack wondered what he was doing there.

A simple supper was laid out upon his table, which he hardly touched. Then, after removing the things himself he sat down to work. The room was poorly furnished, though comfortable and clean enough; across one corner stood a piano. His violin and piano were Jack's chief treasures; they represented possibilities which kept hope alive in him. With their aid he could conjure up visions far more beautiful than anything which reality could show him; they enabled him to express himself—the inner self which shrank from contact with the world. He drew ruled paper towards him and began to cover it with those symbols which sometimes mean so much more than words.

But after a time the creative impulse left him, and he turned to an almost completed portion of his work. Parts he tried over on the piano, for other parts he took up his violin, after each trial altering a note here and there. The time slipped on. Hardly a sound reached him from the dwindling traffic that passed the end of the street—the street itself was perfectly still.

With that silence there came a sudden impulse to him to play. "I wonder whether I could manage that sonata to-night?" he said aloud.

He set out the music, tucked his violin under his chin, and began to play. The instrument throbbed under his fingers with the acute sympathy, with consciousness which only a violinist can understand. He knew he was playing finely, he knew that the music was good, and he was the maker of both. The thought filled him with exultation. Yet even at that moment he felt how far above it all was the simple love of the girl who trusted and believed in him. When he laid down the violin there were tears in his eyes. "If I only dared," he thought, "to grasp my fate in both hands."

A man stood on the step, thinly clad and shivering.

"Sir," said a voice, "I saw a light here, and thought that perhaps there might be some one awake who would not refuse me food, and perhaps shelter."

The voice was pleasant, even cultivated. Jack's first hesitation gave way to curiosity and pity. He had no personal fear, and as for robbery, a thief certainly would not select that poor abode.

"Come in," he said; "I can give you some food, at any rate."

The man followed him into the sitting-room and stood quietly by the door; he carried in his hand a large parcel covered with a kind of waterproof material. Jack glanced at this with curiosity, perhaps suspicion.

"I'm quite honest," said the man. "This does not contain the spoils of a burglary," Jack smiled.

"I did suppose it did," he said. "Sit down and make yourself comfortable. I haven't much to offer you, but you're welcome to what there is." Jack took out once more his almost untasted supper.

"You are very good, sir," said the man. "I didn't expect such kind treatment. I was beginning to doubt whether in all this great city there was one really human heart."

"You see," said Jack, apologetically, "people seem harder than they really are. Draw up and eat."

The stranger did as he was bidden, and his host from time to time glanced at him, though always with delicacy and consideration.

He observed that the man, although thinly and poorly clad, was scrupulously clean, his hair and heavy moustache well tended, his hands white and delicately formed. Jack found it hard to reconcile the figure before him with his apparently destitute condition.

"Are you a musician?" asked the stranger, pushing away his plate and nodding towards the piano and violin.

"Yes," said Jack. "Was it you—forgive my curiosity—who were playing before I knocked?"

"Yes," said Jack again. "It was a fine performance; at least, it appeared to me to be so. It was the music which gave me courage to knock. Does that surprise you?"

"No; I think I understand."

"And whose work were you playing?" "My own." As Jack made this confession he was anxious for the stranger's approbation. Their natural positions were reversed.

"It's a strange world," said the other "that a man who can write such music as that should live!" He paused and reached out a hand towards Jack's manuscript.

"May I look? I am not going to tell you my story now, but some day you shall hear it. This may appear like ingratitude, but I assure you it isn't."

He drew the manuscript up towards him and ran his eye along the score. Jack watched him in growing amazement.

"Can you play?"

"The violin—a little."

Jack excitedly thrust the violin into his hands.

"Try it," he cried.

"If you wish it as a return for your charity—"

"No, no; not that! I want no return."

"Out of pure compliment to you, then, said the stranger. He rose, drew the bow softly across the strings and glided into the sonata. Jack, hearing his own work played by another hand for the first time, was carried away by its possibilities; yet, excellent as the stranger's rendering was, he felt that he was holding himself in check—deliberately keeping back the highest power of expression that was in him. When he laid down the violin, Jack said:

"Thank you. But if you had chosen you might have played still better."

"You think, then, that I only paid you a half-hearted compliment?"

"I think that for some reason, into which I don't wish to inquire, you did yourself, not me, an injustice."

"Suppose I admit that you're right?"

Jack smiled. "You become more and more mysterious," he said.

A clock striking three reminded them that the situation had reached an embarrassing stage. The stranger appeared to look to Jack for the next move.

"When you came in," said Jack, with hesitation, "you said something about shelter. I have only one bedroom here, but that is at your service."

"Sir," cried the other, "is there another man in London at this moment who would do as much for an absolute stranger?"

"Many, I hope," said Jack.

"Not one, I solemnly believe. I will accept shelter, but not your bed. This couch will serve my turn perfectly. You can trust me?"

Jack made up the fire, brought a pillow and a rug, and left his curious guest to rest. He himself lay awake for some time in a condition of wonder, not unmixed with vague excitement. When he slept it was profoundly and to an unusually late hour. He rose to find his guest departed. His first instinct was to take a hurried survey of the room. His music had vanished, and in its place was the stranger's parcel.

At first he was too overwhelmed for action; he could do nothing but blindly suffer under his misfortune. His landlady was able to give him no information beyond the statement that she had heard the front door close before she got up. Her curiosity as to the contents of the parcel was greater than her appreciation of Jack's loss. He told her angrily to open it and satisfy herself that he had been woefully tricked. Under the string she discovered a note, addressed simply to "My Entertainer." It ran thus:

"I have not stolen your work, but merely borrowed it. If you will meet me at 2 o'clock outside

the Shamrock restaurant I hope to convince you of my integrity. In the meantime perhaps you will accept contents of my parcel as a guarantee of my good intentions, the more particularly as the weather is cold. The garment was honestly come by."

As Jack's eye reached the close of this extraordinary communication a cry from his landlady caused him to look up. She was examining, in an attitude of intense admiration, a magnificent fur-lined overcoat.

The bewildered violinist took the sumptuous coat from her, looked at it as at something incredibly strange, and then sat down helplessly with the garment trailing across his knees.

"You don't seem pleased," said the woman.

"Don't you suppose my music was worth more than this," he said.

"You know best, sir, of course; but if that overcoat's worth a penny it's worth £50. I know because my poor man was in the line."

"I don't want his overcoat," groaned Jack. Then, glancing again at the note, he brightened up. "I'll run around and see Nellie," he said.

As Jack walked across to see Nellie, carrying the coat over his arm, his mood changed. The owner of such a coat must be a man of substance unless indeed he had stolen it, which Jack could not bring himself seriously to suspect. Yet why the assumed poverty of the guest? He groped in the dark again.

Nellie listened to his story with wide eyes, and fewer interruptions than might have been expected. When he had finished she said:

"You must keep this appointment, and if I were you I'd wear the overcoat."

"I will if you'll come with me."

"But you'll be expected alone."

"Never mind; I want you to see this extraordinary person."

"To-day he'll look quite different."

"I'm afraid he will," said Jack, "and then I shan't like him so much. If it weren't for the coat and the letter I should think I dreamed it all."

"And the missing music," said the girl. "I shall like him, I know I shall, because he had sense to see that your sonata was great."

"I didn't say he thought it was great."

"No; but I'm sure he did think so."

Jack tried on the coat, but after careful consideration of its effect both decided that it was too magnificent for the rest of his attire.

"Well, I'll have it made into a cloak or something for you, Nellie," he said.

"No, no. You'll soon be rich enough to wear it."

"If it's to wait till then the moths will have swallowed it. But, I dare say, if it's really worth a lot of money, we could sell it, and then, with what furniture we have already, we might—"

"Yes," said Nellie softly.

At 2 o'clock precisely they approached the Shamrock restaurant in considerable trepidation. As they paused near the entrance a closed carriage drove up, from which stepped Jack's guest of the night before.

"Why, that's the man in the fur-lined overcoat who was walking behind us in the Strand last night," Nellie whispered. He was transformed; in place of thin and weathered garments he wore the conventional garb of the prosperous. At a sign from him the coachman drove away.

"Permit me," he said, saluting Jack, "to return to-day the hospitality so generously offered to me last night." Jack could hardly collect himself sufficiently to introduce Nellie.

"My name," said the stranger, as the embarrassed violinist paused helplessly, "is McLoghlen."

When Jack heard the word it seemed to him that all Piccadilly rang with it, for it was the name by which a great impresario was known. The pair followed him into the restaurant with the quite unfounded impression that all eyes were turned upon them.

"I took away your sonata this morning," said McLoghlen, "because I wished to hear it played by a greater performer than either you or I. He has already tried it,

in fact, I left him at it an hour ago. I think I can promise you that he will play it in public within a month."

Jack gasped, nor for some minutes could he find appropriate words of thanks.

In the meantime McLoghlen busied himself in ordering lunch, for which purpose he consulted Nellie about the choice of dishes of which she had never in her life heard before.

"You are, I believe, violinist in the orchestra."

"Yes," Jack answered.

"I think, if you will allow me, I can find you a better post. You appear bewildered."

"I'm so much bewildered that I doubt my own existence."

"I owe you an explanation, certainly, and you shall have it. Last night I was in the stalls at the—"

"You might have seen me if you had not been so deeply occupied at your part, or something else. I had made a bet with a friend that I would get food and a night's lodging for nothing, merely by using my knowledge of character. He scoffed at the idea. Well, perhaps I was foolish, but at least I was successful. I saw you and decided to follow you up. I walked down the Strand after you, and overheard—forgive me—some of your conversation. My carriage followed a few yards behind. Having seen your home and marked the house I returned to my carriage, where I had prepared such a disguise as I conceived would best suit my purpose. The rest you know, although," he bowed to Jack, "I had not expected to discover a composer of such talent. I am under a double obligation to you. You justified my belief in human nature, and you made me acquainted with a man whose work I shall be proud to see produced."

"And the coat, Mr. McLoghlen?"

"That, as my note pointed out, was left as a guarantee. If you like to put it so, it may be considered as payment on account of future fees."

"I can't find words to thank you," Jack stammered.

"The lady's face is sufficient thanks," and the great impresario raised his glass. We will talk business later. Now to lunch, though nothing we eat to-day will taste so good as your cold mutton did last night."

Only one of the party succeeded in doing justice to that meal; but afterwards, when Jack and Nellie were joined in the happy bonds of matrimony the three enjoyed many a good lunch together.—*London Tit-Bits.*

## The Penalty was Remitted.

A regular patron had had his watch cleaned at a jeweler's. When he received it and asked for the bill, the jeweler told him it was one dollar and seventy-five cents. This, the patron knew, was less than the usual charge.

"Haven't you always charged me two dollars heretofore?"

"I think I have."

"Why do I get it cheaper this time?"

The jeweler hesitated.

"Well," he said, "it can do no harm to tell you now. Do you remember bringing this watch to me a month or two ago to ask me what was the matter with it?"

"Yes."

"After you had gone away I found there was nothing the matter with it. You had forgotten to wind it. I was afraid to tell you so, for I once lost a good customer by telling him of a similar oversight. So I wound it up and charged you a trifle for doing it, and this is the first chance I have had to make it up to you."

## A Swift Bird.

Though the petrel is swift, the frigate bird is far swifter. Seamen generally believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa, and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined, but it is a certain that this bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

## A Dark Evening.

He was just discouraged, and that was the whole of it. He sat close to the stove, learned his ragged elbow on his knee, and his cheek on a rather sooty hand, and gave himself up to troubled thought, the two books which had slipped from him lying unheeded on the floor.

Let them lie there; what was the use in trying to study? Here was the third evening this week that he had been held after hours, when he wanted to go to the night school and find out how to do that example! He might just as well give up first as last.

There was a loud stamping outside, and the door of the little flag-station burst open, letting in a rush of spiteful winter air.

"Halloa!" said a boy of about fourteen, muffled to his eyes in fur.

"Halloa yourself," said the boy by the stove, without changing his position more than was necessary to glance up.

"Has the six o'clock freight gone down yet?"

"Not as I know of. I wish she would be about it. I have been waiting on her an hour after time."

"Lucky for me she is behind, though. I guess I can catch a ride into town on her; can't I? I've been out to Windmere and missed the five o'clock mail. I set out to foot it, but it is rather rough walking against the wind, especially when you have to walk on ice. I'd rather be toted in on the freight than try it. Do you suppose they will give me a lift?"

"You can sit down and wait and try for it, if you like," and the boy glanced towards the three-legged stool. "I'd give you this chair only it has not any bottom," he added with a dreary attempt at a smile.

"The stool is all right. Do you have to wait every night for the freight?"

"No; not much oftener than every other night. It is not my business to wait at all, but as often as three times a week the fellow in charge wants me to do that or something else after I'm off duty."

"So you fill up the time with reading; that's a good idea. What have you here?"

The visitor stopped and picked up the fallen books.

"Arithmetic and history! You are studying, eh? Well, now, I call that industrious. Where do you go to school?"

"Nowhere. I pretend to go to the evening class at the Twenty-third Street station, and sometimes I get there twice in the week, and sometimes only once. It's a discouraging kind of studying. I've been after one example for two weeks and can't get it."

"Whereabouts are you? Not that old fellow? I remember him. I can show you about it; there's just a mean little catch to it; but you've done well to get so far along."

Then the two heads bent over the book, and over the row of figures on the margin of a freight bill; and presently the face of the discouraged boy lighted with a smile. He saw through the "catch." Then there was a little talk between the two.

Ralph Westwood learned that the boy was an orphan; was working at the freight-depot beyond his strength and on very small pay, because times were hard and boys were plenty; that he had a little sister in the Orphan's Home, and the ambition of his life was to learn and become a scholar and earn money to support the little sister.

He went to school regularly while his mother lived, and worked between times to help support himself, and his mother wanted him to be a scholar, and thought it was in him; but she had been dead for two years, and things were growing worse with him, and sometimes he was discouraged.

The freight came, and Ralph Westwood caught his ride in to town, and had only time to say: "Don't give it up, Charles. Who knows what may happen? The new year's coming."

"New Year!" said Charles to himself, with a bitter smile. What could that bring him but more work because of an extra train, and late hours and scanty fare and not even time to run up to the Home and see little Nell?

As for Ralph Westwood, he waited only to brush the snow from his clothes and wash away the stains of soot from his hands, which must have been left when he shook hands with Charlie; then he sought a handsome library where a gentleman sat reading. Here he did not even wait to reply to the cordial "Good-evening" which greeted him, save as his polite bow was a reply; then he dashed into business: "Uncle Ralph, I have found your boy for you!"

"Indeed! That is quick work. Where did you find him?"

"I blundered on him; the very one. I didn't know why I should have missed the five o'clock train, and didn't know why he should have to do overwork to-night."

Then he drew a low chair in front of the lovely grate fire and told his story.

That was three days before New Year's. A great deal can be done in three days. Ralph Westwood and his Uncle Ralph did a great deal, and at the end of the time knew almost more about Charlie Watson than he knew of himself.

The end of it all, or, more properly speaking, the beginning of it all, came to Charlie on New Year's eve—an invitation to Dr. Westwood's elegant home, to meet seven boys, all of whom were in the Sabbath-school class which Charlie had just joined.

I wish I had time to tell you about the dinner-table to which they all sat down—roast turkey, of course, and cranberry sauce, chicken-pie, and jellies, and tarts, and all the elegancies of an elegant dinner, the like of which none of them had ever seen before. At each plate was a bouquet of roses. Think of roses for eight hard-working homeless boys!

Some people might think they didn't like those roses with all their hearts; but some people didn't understand some boys. Slipped into each bouquet was a slip of paper which said on it, "Happy New Year!" in beautiful writing, and then followed wonderful things. One paper was a receipt for a year's house-rent, for one of the boys who lived with his mother and had hard work to meet the landlord's agent each month. Another had an order on a certain tailor for a full suit of clothes, such as it could be plainly seen he very much needed.

Every one had something. When Charlie Watson read his, he turned red and pale by turns and stammered, and trembled, and knew not what to say. It was longer than the others and it took him some time to understand it all; but at last he made out that he was to enter the Fort Street Grammar School as a pupil, on Tuesday after New Year's and that his home was to be at Dr. Westwood's office, which he was expected to keep in order, in return for his board and clothes.

What an amazing chance had come to him! Do you wonder that he trembled and stammered?

But, after all, I don't know that he was any happier than Ralph Westwood, who hovered about him in great satisfaction, and in one of the pauses of his duties as assistant host found a chance to murmur, "I say, Charlie, aren't you rather glad that the six o'clock freight was late that night?"—*The Pansy.*

## Even Mansfield Smiled.

Richard Mansfield is a stickler for every little point in the presentation of his plays, yet now and then the unexpected happens in such a way as to provoke a smile from one who is not considered the most humorous of actors. In the final scene of "A Parisian Romance," Mansfield as Baron Chevalier falls dead at supper amid the talking and music. The doctor in the play calls out: "Stop the music! The baron is dead!" and the curtain falls.

On one occasion Mansfield was playing a one night stand in a small country town where the music of the local orchestra was atrocious. At the supper scene Mansfield fell dead as usual, but the actor who was playing the part of the doctor cried out:

"Stop the music! It has killed the baron!"

Even Mansfield smiled.



Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1001 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man: Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves-most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

SOME of the papers are printing an article headed "The distribution of talent." We always thought it had been effectually distributed when the St. Louis gathering of the deaf started for home.

NEXT week we will publish a full account of the Bazaar, held in Alleghany, in aid of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown, Pa. The report of the affair has just arrived, but our printing force is this week so reduced that we are compelled to postpone printing it until next issue.

WE learn with regret that the Minnesota Institution has been quarantined, on account of an epidemic of diphtheria. Less than a dozen pupils are actually down with the dread disease, but many of those who are in good health may have the germs lurking in their throats; so the whole school is involved in the thorough medical examination that is being made. Every sanitary precaution is being taken to prevent the spread of the disease, and it is our hope and belief that the school will soon be able to present a clean bill of health.

The Dying Year.

Once more we are pained to chronicle the sad fact that the finale of the dying year is near at hand. Its breath comes fast and thick with malaria and Christmas anecdotes. It is rheumatic, its joints are stiff and cold, and its pale and emaciated features are sunken, and the pumpkin vine that has turned up its frostbitten toes, proclaims a speedy reconciliation with its maker. It started out full of hope and Tom and Jerry, its grand opening was propitious, and all its clouds had a silver lining with a gold-specie basis. It became more interesting as it grew to maturity. When it was about five months under headway the sweet-scented forget-me-not and the dog fennel began to bloom and pregarate the ambient air with heavy sighs of nature's rich perfume.

The gentle smelting goat chewed the Italian sunset scenery from the circus bill board, and was happy in his feed. The twittering birds trilled their rapturous roundelays and the entrancing melody of their trilling notes resounded in echo from the concave shores of ethereal happiness. All the world was in love with itself, and everything went merry as could be. Old Father Time came pretty soon, and with the jack knife of age began to whittle down those things that had outlived their usefulness. The hyacinth and the hollyhock alike tumbled to the racket, and soon their fellow-beings of other races and colors followed suit, and Mother Earth folded them to her in fond embrace.

The jack rabbit capers nimbly in the cow pasture, and the mules come home to roost, for, as Shakespeare says, "It is an enger and nipping air." The rice-pudding fly has doubled up his anatomy, and patiently awaits the action of the cook, upon whom he is designing to palm himself off as a currant in disguise. The sere and yellow leaf has bloomed and faded. Its variegated tints are as a shimmering naught. With many a frisky eddy has it pounced upon terra firma, and is shrouded with mud, and ere long it will mingle with the lifeless remains of the man who invented Gains-boros.

Dear, kind, gentle reader, have you ever stepped out in the back

yard of your memory and looked over the high board fence of the past, and gazed longingly at the green pastures from which you sprang, and wished you were back there again—it catches us that way. Time is getting bald headed, and his sparse silvery white hair is trailing in the dust of infirmity. In a few short days you will see him jump around the corner of the new year with a scythe swung over his back. It will be a cold day and icy, and, of course, very slippery, and he will fall upon himself and cut his neck off and he is gone. The bells that toll his departure will peal out in joyous tones at the arrival of a new case keeper, who will open up accounts with the busy world and can be found at the old stand.—Chicago Eye.

ST. LOUIS.

The Gallaudet Union held its regular monthly meeting on the 16th. A good literary program was given, made more interesting by Cloud's account of the Gallaudet Day exercises in Chicago, of which he was a participant.

The Euchre Club spent a pleasant evening recently, with Mrs. Harden as hostess. As the day was the anniversary of her husband's birthday, an elaborate supper was served to the club. Games were played immediately afterwards, and at the conclusion prizes were awarded to Misses Steidemann and Roper, and Messrs. Froning and Harden, who were first and second respectively in highest number of games won.

The Gallaudet School closed on the 23d for the Christmas holidays, which will continue until January 3d. Of the teachers, Miss Herdman will spend her Christmas at her home in Taylorsville, Ill., while Miss Roper will visit some of her friends in Omaha. The other teachers will remain in St. Louis.

A service was held on Christmas morning at St. Thomas' Mission, and an interesting sermon on the day was given by Rev. Cloud. The rainy weather kept down the attendance.

The writer sees in the recent *Deaf American*, not a reply by Mr. Geo. W. Veditz, to his questions as he was expecting, but a letter by Mr. Regensburg, one of the Committee on Resolutions. From the latter's letter the resolution in question was bitterly opposed by Mr. MacGregor; and it was never shown to Mr. Regensburg. Mr. MacGregor is one of the few who have been connected with the Association from its beginning to the present time, and has therefore the most experience in N. A. D. affairs. Mr. Regensburg is equal, if not better than any of the 'three—a bare majority—who supported the resolution. Why, then, was this resolution presented, when the most experienced opposed it, and the fifth member never saw it? Mr. Regensburg's letter also shows that although he was at the meeting of the committee to pass on the resolutions presented, and although he stayed until the end of the meeting, this resolution which, as the author of it, Mr. Veditz himself says, was written three weeks in advance, was never mentioned. Mr. Veditz says it was not his fault. It was. As the author of the resolution it was his duty to interview each member of the committee about it, and there is no excuse for this neglect when he fails to present it, or even say a word concerning it at a meeting of the committee assembled for the sole purpose of passing on the resolutions presented.

As the facts stand thus, the writer has no recourse but to adhere to his first opinion; that the whole affair was a piece of spite work at the hands of a few. He will be glad to change it; he is eager to do so; but he cannot and will not so long as the author, Mr. Geo. W. Veditz, now president of the Association, has nothing to say in reply. Perhaps after the latter's "amusement and interest" subsides somewhat, a reply will be forthcoming.

The writer wishes the JOURNAL readers a Happy New Year.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FEAST OF CIRCUMCISION, JANUARY 1ST.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M. Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Bible Class in St. Ann's Guild Room, 2:30 P.M.

New England Social in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, January 3d. Free to all with welcome. Committee: Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. W. Fitzgerald, Miss G. Turner, Mr. A. Stern, Mr. J. H. Keiser.

Some people who think they are simply perfect are perfectly simple.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Term Examinations Over.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

And Holiday Relaxations.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C. December 26, 1904.—Well, the first term is over and we are now taking things easy, and getting all we can out of the holidays. The shadow of the examinations has passed, and a long sigh of relief is to be heard on all sides. Those who flunked are consoling themselves with the reflection that they will have another chance on January 14th. Those who passed are congratulating themselves and enjoying to the full this week of relaxation. Some—those who are lucky enough to live with in easy reach of Washington,—have gone to spend the vacation at their homes, and a few others to visit friends.

We were not fortunate enough to have a "white Christmas," the day being rather raw and disagreeable outside. A short service was held in the chapel at half-past nine. At noon all repaired to the dining-room and did full justice to an excellent dinner, in which, of course, turkey figured most prominently. The day passed very quietly and without much of incident to mark it.

On Saturday night, Christmas Eve, the co-eds held high revel on the other side. A "Cobweb party" was held, each of the revellers being given the end of a string, which clew, on being followed up, led her by tortuous and crooked ways to the place where her Christmas boxes and packages had been hidden by the committee appointed to confiscate all such matter as it arrived. The room was decorated in gay and festive fashion, and from the mantel were hung small stockings of cheese-cloth, which were filled with nuts, and apples and candy were passed around. A jolly time was had.

Early last week there was some opportunity for coasting and skating but not many took advantage of it, being too busily engaged in reviewing for the examinations. It is rather cold to-day, and everyone is eagerly hoping that it will freeze so there will be skating for the holiday recreation. It is very likely that lots of basketball will be played between picked teams, with one or two match games for the first term, if things do not go awry. Then there are always the theatres, the "C. L." and the various places of interest to visit. Two evenings have been set apart for social doings, Monday and Saturday. And on Friday Dr. Fox will give his lecture before the Lit., on Bulwer-Lytton's play, "Cardinal Richelieu." So it does not seem that anyone need complain that the vacation is "dry."

Among those who have gone home for the holidays are Brown, '05, Clark and Hoffmaster, '06, Leitch, '07, Mather, '08, and Holliday, Henfy and Leitch, I. C., with Misses Smrha and Dougherty, '08, and Miss Turner, I. C.

Miss Helen Fay and Mr. Lawrence Fay returned home to spend Christmas with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Fay.

Dr. and Mrs. Ely are enjoying a visit from Mrs. Ely's father and sisters.

Miss Peet has gone to New York for the vacation.

The *Illustrated Sporting News* for December 24th, contains a descriptive article on this college and its athletics by Mr. C. P. Hurditch, a well-known writer on collegiate sport. The article is accompanied by the 1902 baseball team and the 1904 football squad, with two or three of the old, familiar views of the Green. Many of the students ordered extra copies of this issue to send to their friends and to keep on their own account. Perhaps many of the alumni would like to obtain copies, if they only knew of this article. Hence this brief mention. F. ROWSE, '06.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

JANUARY, 1905.

1-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. 3:00 P.M., Ascension, Fall River.

8-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion. 2:30 P.M., Grace, Providence, R. I.

10-3:30 P.M., N. E. Home, Allston. —Holy Communion.

15-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. 2:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn. 4:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Beverly.

22-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. (Lay-Reader Frisbee.) 10:45 A.M., All Saints, Worcester. (Rev. Mr. Searing.)

23-10:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell. (Mr. Frisbee.)

29-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. 4:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Brockton.

S. STANLEY SEARING. Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes, 664 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

The Chicago Day Schools.

December 8, 1904.

TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—You are investigating quite an important feature of education, that of school children who are known as the deaf and dumb, and who on account of their deafness are barred from the regular Public School Room oral exercises. Yet, they deserve and are entitled to as full and as complete an education as your honorable body under the school law can devise and give them; just as much as that of hearing children; yes, more so, because their deafness cuts them off from that greatest of channels, hearing, through which hearing children gather up information, knowledge, etc., a thousand times faster, better and more extensively than the brightest of the deaf can. Hence, the moral obligation of the public through your honorable body to see that the line of education is not in the least curtailed, shortened or marred as to these unfortunate children, who are one and all entrusted by the people to your educational charge.

To sidetrack and confine these deaf children to one single method, instead of all methods that will educate them more fully and better than a single method, would be a good deal more unjust, if not more cruel, than to confine hearing school children to a single method of study, so we will not curtail of their school life. If we dare not do this with the favored class (hearing) children, how dare we an enlightened and Christian school of people to do so with the class of children (the deaf), whom Dr. Samuel Johnston considered as laboring under "a disastrous calamity." For, when *hearing*, the finest faculty of either the five senses, is lost, is that "a disastrous calamity" to the moral, mental and social life of the individual and also a great inconvenience to physical education? If the best method of teaching of your honorable body would care to be afflicted with in the least degree, would you?

Experience is the best of teachers, and often a sad and expensive one. Therefore, from whom should we, in justice to ourselves and the object of our inquiry seek to find out fully what we wish to know? The answer, every one, who has experienced it, they who know and can tell us. If so where is the *hearing individual* who has had a long experience in actual deafness and who knows of either the best method of teaching and the best method or methods in the educational line than the educated deaf? Is it not a ridiculous assumption on the part of people to think that the best method of deafness, to contend for a method of instruction contrary to that of the majority of the educated deaf? Even a hearing child knows that the best method of teaching the deaf should not be consulted in preference to the educated deaf, for they have often been known to be biased and even extremely biased to their own ideas as to the best method of teaching. It is the best method of the great majority of the educated deaf. In fact, even the half-educated and uneducated deaf can tell us, with no hesitancy, what method of schooling is the best for the deaf.

Or to put this question in a more glaring light, how would hearing pupils like to be forced to shut their mouths, and be taught altogether by sign? A language of the hearing makes hard and spoils in spite of rules of prohibition. Do you not see in this curious statement, why signs constantly outrun natural language? Here is another method which is the most natural and easy, is the best, and should be the leading one to pursue; while that method which is *unnatural, arbitrary and hard*, is the wrong process on an educational basis, a rule applying to all classes of children.

Do the Superintendent and teachers consider it desirable to continue to teach pupils as to their progress in vocal enunciation of words entirely, or even mostly, or to a careful and thorough examination of the pupils in Arithmetic, Geography, History, Physiology, Anatomy, etc.?

If to science, which is knowledge and thus real education, then why examine the deaf entirely or mostly as to their ability to pronounce words, which they cannot hear and knowledge of the sciences which, enlightens the mind take second and even third place? If learning to talk is the main aim of the deaf, why not let them learn to hear the sciences, then why send hearing children to school who already can talk and often fluently? Is there not something strange in this restricted educational treatment of the deaf?

We have in Chicago a great many very intelligent and even well-educated deaf, of mature judgment, who should be allowed cordially to come in and help solve the riddle of the education of the deaf. To ignore these people would savor of too much injustice on the part of broad-minded school authorities, which would be unbefitting the great City of Chicago in its magnificent liberal educational system.

These remarks are based on the personal experience of a deaf and dumb deaf, in infancy, who was brought up on oralism, but forced to go to a sign school to be educated in knowledge, sciences, etc., and who has been through both the oral and sign schools, has taught the deaf for 42 years, founder of the "Kansas State Institution for the Deaf," and also your City "Day School for the Deaf." This School started on the sign method, and later on, at the suggestion of the Principal, an oral department was added, of which he had charge as Principal for 17 years.

Yours very respectfully,

PHILIP A. EMERY.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CHICAGO, Nov. 26, 1904.

MR. CLAYTON MARK,

President Board of Education:

DEAR SIR:—I have been requested to transmit to you, and through you to the Board of Education, the enclosed papers in reference to the proposed plan of teaching deaf-mutes in the public schools. The presentation of this petition by so large a body of deaf-mutes makes it worthy of earnest consideration by the School Board. As I understand it, all these people ask is the opportunity for the parents of the afflicted to choose the method by which their children are to be taught, and that where one method or the sign method, and later on, at the suggestion of the Principal, an oral department was added, of which he had charge as Principal for 17 years.

Personally I feel it my duty to forward these papers to the Board of Education and ask that they will vote the thoughtful consideration of its members.

Very truly yours,

CARTER H. HARRISON, Mayor.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

The Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Paint does not make purity.

CHICAGO.

Gay with Christmas Festivals.

A FINE READING.

Religious Services--Personal Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Christmas will have been celebrated for three days to-morrow by reason of gay festivals and Christmas trees and will really pass into the greatest and most wonderful history of the 20th Century. Every body seems to have plenty of money and has spent it more freely and generously than ever before. The sight-seeing in Chicago has been extremely interesting and amusing for a whole week. The streets have been thronged with dense crowds of the people, and all the department stores have been terribly jammed for the past three days until midnight, but good nature reigned supreme!

The Christmas tree given by the Ladies' Aid Society last Friday evening was witnessed by over three hundred deaf-mutes, children and friends and parents were given by Santa Claus by proxy. In fact every one of them was happy. A vote of thanks was tendered to the Lady Committee who have labored hard and patiently for two weeks.

Mr. Chester C. Coodman gave a powerful and fascinating reading on the "Crisis," written by Winston Churchill, before quite a crowd of deaf mutes in the Club room, Thursday evening. The subject is a historical novel and is full of love affairs. Mr. Coodman had been quite ill, but refused to give up his engagement, and at one time almost broke down, during his rapid delivery, but after drinking a glass of water, and resting a few minutes, he raised our enthusiasm to a high pitch by carrying his subject to an end graphically.

Rev. Hasenstab preached an extremely interesting sermon to-day taking for his text: St. Luke 2: 1-20.

William A. Zollinger recited a beautiful hymn called "O for a thousand tongues to sing," and Rev. Rutherford signed the following inspiring hymn:

"Hark! what mean those holy voices."

Mrs. John Dahl broke two of her ribs by falling down from a box, which she had put on a chair, and on which she was standing to fix something in her preparations for Christmas.

Mrs. Dahl's five years old daughter, Theresa realizing her mother's serious accident, ran out to the school house nearby and told her nine year old sister Grace of their mother's fall, and both ran home at once, and Grace telephoned at the next house for her father to come home quickly from the factory where he was employed.

The Ultra Oralist will please take notice that deaf parents have the brightest and wittiest hearing children, as a general rule. The Combined System did it, of course.

Misses Annie Weissner and Esther Silver, of St. Louis, are visiting in Chicago, and will stay until January 4th.

Fred Bailey, who came from Colorado several weeks ago to seek work is obliged to return home to-morrow because of his poor luck.

William Wayman showed to us at church to-day a telegram which announced the Christmas presentation of his sister Bessie to her husband, Charles D. Seaton, a teacher at Wheeling, W. Va., in the shape of a boy baby. Bessie's old friends in Chicago send their best congratulations to her.

Mrs. Morton Sonneborn gave a small party to her married friends last night.

The members of the Pas-a-Pas Club under the management of William Wayman, will hold a novel Winter Picnic at the Home Club House, 6737 Wentworth Avenue, on Monday afternoon until midnight. Bring lunch baskets. Non-members can attend upon the payment of two dollars. Free admission to ladies.

The members of the Methodist Episcopal Church will hold a "Watch Night" next Saturday evening. The exercises will consist of prayers, speeches, debates and short talks, etc. Friends are welcome.

The Literary Circle will give some interesting entertainment at the club room, on Saturday evening, December 31st. Members and ladies only.

SIDNEY H. HOWARD. CHRISTMAS, 1904.

Boy Shipped As Express

A diminutive negro boy reached Washington yesterday morning over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway from Fayette County, W. Va., billed through as baggage and expressage to the care of the station agent here. He was given the usual accommodations of a passenger. The tag on the boy read: "Joseph Henderson, aged seventeen, son of Alfred, of Eagle, W. Va. Mrs. James T. Rucker will meet him at the depot."

The lad was not only deaf, dumb, and blind, but apparently otherwise afflicted also, and his coarse clothing, his peculiar posture, and convulsive movements and walk, peculiar to both the deaf and the blind, as well as the express tag and baggage check tied conspicuously upon his coat, caused him to attract the attention of all who came near him.

He was placed in the smoking-room to await the coming of Mrs. Rucker. Hours passed and she did not appear. The woman's name could not be found in any of the city directories. It was suggested that the boy be sent to the Columbia Polytechnic Institute, on H Street, near Twentieth Street, or to the E Street Home and Industrial School, but later it was learned that the boy was not eligible to be admitted to either, and it was suggested that Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Kendall Green, be communicated with.

Just then a deaf-mute recalled the name of Supt. James T. Rucker, of the West Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind, and declared that Mrs. Rucker must really be in the city or the boy would have been conveyed up the Baltimore and Ohio from Staunton. A search of the nearby hotels was made, and Mrs. Rucker and daughter were found registered, at the National, and within a few minutes were at the station, and took the lad in charge, and to the hotel.

It was Mrs. Rucker's plan to enter the boy in the Maryland School for Colored Deaf and Blind, and later in the afternoon the boy was conveyed to Baltimore. Prof. Bledsoe, the active head of the Saratoga Street School, said that this was perhaps the first colored deaf, dumb, and blind child to be entered for instruction.—Washington Post.

Tossed Child Back To Speech.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass.—A nurse in the hospital, by teasing a patient, brought back the power of speech, Mabel Vitalis, a child, was taken to the hospital with a fractured skull. After several large sections of bone were removed the child began to mend and showed every indication of having recovered her mental faculties, but could not speak.

A month passed and the child was ready to be discharged from the hospital well, but voiceless. One day last week a nurse hid the child's playthings and teased her almost into desperation. This was successful and the child suddenly cried out: "I know where it is."

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

Authors of Familiar Quotations

Dean Swift, is credited with "Bread is the staff of life." It was Keats said:—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Franklin is authority for "God helps those who help themselves."

"Man proposes, but God disposes," remarked Thomas A. Kempis. It was an observation of Thomas Southern that "Pity's akin to love."

"All cry and no wool!" is an expression found in Butler's "Hudibras." Edward Coke, the English jurist, was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

We are indebted to Colley Cibber, not to Shakespeare, for "Richard is himself again."

"Variety's the spice of life" and "Not much the worse for wear," were coined by Cowper.

"When Greek joins Greek then was the tug of war," was written by Nathaniel Lee, in 1692.

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark," and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

Charles Pinckney gave the patriotic sentiment "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

"Of two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

The poet Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long."

To Dr. Johnson belongs "A good hater," and to MacIntosh in 1701, the phrase, often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century said:—"It's an ill wind turns no good" "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling gathers no moss."

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens," (not his countrymen) appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1799, by General Henry Lee.

Concerning Proctor's WEEK OF JANUARY 2d.

"My Wife's Husbands," another another of Edwin Milton Royle's most successful plays, will be the offerings of the permanent Proctor Stock Company stationed at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for New Year's week. The play enjoyed an unusually long run at the Madison Square Theatre several seasons ago, and it has always been received with marked favor. The production at the Fifth Avenue will be made with all new scenery, and the cast will include all the members of the stock company, those deserving special mention being Mr. Edwin Arden, Isabelle Evesson, Wallace Eerskine, H. D. Hawley, Gerald Griffin, Scott Cooper, Edwin Fowler, Gertrude Berkeley and Alice Chandler. The vaudeville contingent will be headed by Stuart Barnes, one of the cleverest monologue comedians of the day. Several other vaudeville artists, and the Motion Pictures.

"Checkers," that great play of racing life which caused such a sensation when it was produced at the Academy of Music at the opening of the season, and which nightly packed the house at Proctor's Fifty Fifth Street Theatre last week, enters upon its second and last week of its most successful run there. The play is here presented with the same careful attention to detail as was given the earlier presentation at the Academy, and its beautiful scenic effects are seen to the very best advantage on the exceptionally large stage of the Fifty-Eight Street house.

Mr. Proctor extends New Year greetings to all his friends and patrons, and in view of this gala week he has arranged programmes for all of his houses so strong in quality and quantity as to be well worthy of starting the New Year. The bill announced for his Twenty-Third Street Theatre next week is replete with novelties and comedies. This splendid offering is headed by the Ten Ishi Troupe of Japanese jugglers and equilibrists, who offer a specialty which well earns for them the place they are accorded on the programme. Their acts display the cleverness and ingenuity of their race.

The Marie Corelli plays have been found to be most acceptable to the Harlem audiences, and therefore another one of her plays will be produced by the Proctor Stock Company at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre next week. This is entitled "The Vendetta," or "Fabula Romani," and was adapted from her novel of the same name. The vaudeville offerings in conjunction with this play will be varied and interesting to young and old. The Motion Pictures will have a series of films treating of comedy and interesting subjects.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

1905  
Jan. 5—Annual Meeting.  
26—Entertainment.  
Feb. 2—Guild Meeting.  
23—Entertainment.  
Mar. 2—Guild Meeting.  
23—Entertainment.  
Apr. 6—Guild Meeting.  
20—Entertainment.  
May 4—Guild Meeting.  
26—Entertainment.  
June 1—Guild Meeting.  
15—Strawberry Festival.

Some men are like telescopes; you draw them out, see through them, and then shut them up.

Few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and repeat the ten commandments at the same time.

When a man is down in the world, an ounce of help is much better than a pound of preaching.

It is remarkable that a "long head" and a "long face" rarely go together.

The religion that seems "blue" is only harassed hypocrisy wanting to kick over its own traces.

Most people wear their morals like their night gown. It may trip them up in the long run, but it never pinches in the wearing.



NEW YORK.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

YULETIDE HAPPENINGS.

The News in Brief.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

President Nuboor of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League announced at a meeting last Thursday, because of a very prosperous year, and by hearty concord of the Executive Committee that the members will not be assessed the expense of the annual dinner on January 3d, the birthday anniversary of the well-known organization, which is now nineteen years old. His announcement was greeted with cheers by everybody, who felt that he contributed a mite to the social and financial success of all the events under its auspices. His example was set by President Frankenheim last year, who made a similar report. Heretofore, the members were either assessed in full or in part according to the condition of the treasury for many years. The banquet will be held at St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Eleventh Street, and will be entirely devoted to the refreshment, both of body and mind, as according to the revised constitution and by-laws, all business is eliminated from the affair; for in former years, on account of the closeness of the date to the end of the fiscal year on December 31st, which was a source of haste and confusion to the officers and committees, turning in their annual reports. Such business is transferred to a business meeting in February, as also is the installation of the new officers. The candidates for the various offices nominated in November, will not be elected until January 26. This will greatly simplify the administrative business of the Union League.

But between the lines of President Nuboor's glad proclamation any body, with the least sense of prognostication, could see the assured success of the coming big event on January 11, if the manner in which cold cash was coming to Treasurer Bachrach of the ball committee could be taken as a good augury.

Rudolf Janik, an artist of unusual talent from Vienna, Austria and a delegate to the convention in St. Louis, last August, was admitted as a resident member of the Deaf-Mutes Union League. He has found business here good and will, in all likelihood, settle here. However, he will visit his relatives in Europe in May. Then and there, he will decide definitely what course he will take. To the general regret of the Union League, one of the founders has seen fit to tender his resignation as a member, but which was not accepted by the Executive Committee on the mere ground of sentiment, for it was hoped that he would reconsider his action. He gave his home ties and lack of interest in club life as his reasons.

The Union League will hold a watch-night jollification on New Year's Eve.

Edgar Bloom has returned from an extensive trip, lasting two months. He went all the way to California and came back through the great southwest. He will start again for Chicago in February.

The twin boys of George M. Taggard are doing splendidly. They were born in last June. He has now four children, and is one of the most faithful members of the Union League.

Jacques Alexander is now a member of the Metropolitan Camera Club, now one of the foremost organizations of its kind in the country. It has recently held its First American Photograph Salon on Fifth Avenue, which was pronounced a great success. He will photograph the Union League banquet on January 3d.

William H. Farnham of the Union League is now employed as an engraver by the New York Bank-Note Company.

Harry Gloistain also of the Union League, holds a similar position with the American Bank Note Company.

The Union League was almost to a unit, in favor of holding a big excursion by water next summer, but in view of the horrible disasters that befell the well-known steamers, Gen'l Slocum and the Glen Island, they are wavering in their decision, and will probably hold no such event until the United States Government has adopted more drastic measures for the safety of the pleasure-seeking public.

On Tuesday evening, the 20th, a good number of the deaf gathered in the guild room of St. Ann's Church. It was a sort of literary affair at which stories appropriate

to the Christmas season were given. The meeting was opened with the *piece de resistance* of the evening, Charles Dickens' famous story, "The Christmas Carol." Mr. Alfred Stern gave it, and he held the keenest attention of all by his signs which were clear and forceful. When he came to the ghost scene, why—it was a revelation. The air became chilly and several froze to their seats, and it is said the sexton had to go and fire up the furnace for an extra pressure of steam.

Next in order was William Renner, who rattled off a short story or two, as likewise did Mr. William Thomas.

Miss Mabel Pearce gave some West Indian Christmas legends, and another story by Henry Powell pleased the gathering. An extract from "Tales of the Road," by Barnett Zwofel, closed the meeting.

Afterwards Mr. Elsworth sold and auctioned off some of the things left over from the fair, and a little more money found its way into the church treasury.

St. Ann's Church was tastefully decorated with Christmas greens, Sexton Abrams being the artist who arranged them. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, assisted by the lay-reader, Mr. John H. Keiser, held services on Christmas morning, and on the evening of "Consecration Day," December 26th. At the latter service Rev. Dr. Chamberlain mentioned the pioneers in the education of the deaf, and as the day was the anniversary of the birth of Laurent Clerc, he invited Mr. Keiser to make a short sketch of his life. The Misses Mabel and Violet Pearce were the choristers who rendered the hymns under Mr. Keiser's leadership.

The Christmas Festival at St. Ann's Church Guild Room, was very well attended, considering the very bad state of the weather. The stereopticon pictures were shown with the apparatus recently purchased, Mr. William Fitzgerald and Mr. John H. Keiser manipulating it. Then Mr. W. G. Jones, dressed as Santa Claus, distributed presents to all. Mr. Elsworth, through Mr. Jones as auctioneer, sold some of the left over stuff of the recent Fair. A good time was had by all, and Mr. Maynard, who managed the affair, is to be congratulated at the success achieved in the face of difficulties.

The account of the recent fire scare at the Fordham Branch of St. Joseph Institute turns out to have been the fault of Gas Company who neglected to fix a leak near the school. Mr. McCaul was only slightly injured about the hands. The Gas Company has settled all damages. Miss N. Francis O'Connor, the Superintendent of St. Joseph's Institute was not ill from pneumonia, but only suffering from a slight cold, which we are glad to say has entirely disappeared.

Mrs. Mary Evans, of Brooklyn, went to Scranton, Pa., Thanksgiving and staid there a few weeks. She returned to Brooklyn last week. She reports that her sisters are still in Scranton. Miss Gussie Harper, of Scranton, and Mrs. Evans presented the late New York Deaf-Mutes' Fair with some beautiful hand-made fancy work.

Anthony Capelli's little boy hung up his stockings on Christmas Eve, with the usual gratifying result. On Christmas night, he asked his papa if he should again hang up his stockings, but was blandly informed that Santa Claus would not be around again for a year. He ruminated a moment, and then exclaimed: "Aw, Santa Claus is a lobster!" It is now in order for Tony's friends to send messages of congratulation.

Mr. Theodore I. Lounsbury took his son, George Irving, to Niagara a week ago. George was astounded at the sight of the world's greatest cataract, the rapids, the whirlpool, and the wonderful ice formation. They went on a Saturday, returning to the quietude of "little old new New York" on Monday morning.

At the annual entertainment of the students at the Mrs. Anna Daly-Fallon, School of Elocution, Miss Alma Grace Pach, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. L. Pach, had the first place on the program, reciting J. Littlewood Riley's "The Happy Little Cripple."

Mr. George Lindemann wishes it to be understood that he will not send out New Year cards, as has been his custom for the past few years. He will make personal calls.

Mrs. Emma Brown was quite worn out by her arduous duties as manager of the Fair recently held in St. Ann's Guild Room, and has gone to Amityville, L. I., for a fortnight's rest.

Miss Carrie V. Hagadori has been admitted to the Galladeti Home for Aged and Infirm, and began her stay in that beautiful haven of refuge for the deaf last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann announce the birth of a daughter, on Christmas day, at their residence, 145 West 105th Street, New York.

Ekhardt Geider died on Friday evening, December 23d, and was

buried on Christmas Day. He had been sick for nearly a year.

Miss Marguerite Talley is mourning the loss of her father, who died on December 20th, after a short illness, of pneumonia.

OMAHA, NEB.

The Bazaar in aid of the Omaha Deaf Ladies' Aid Society, held in A. Lincoln Hall, on Ames Street, on Saturday evening, December 17th, was very successful in every way.

The room was quite large, therefore affording ample accommodation for the people. It was the first Bazaar ever held by the Deaf Ladies' Aid Society in this city, hence cleared quite a good sum.

The booths were presided over by Misses Ota B. Crawford, Minnie E. Olin, and Mesdames O. McMullen and Russell Smith.

Little things, suitable for Christmas presents, were sold.

A beautiful water color picture painted by Miss Crawford, was intended as a prize for a guessing contest (the number of walnuts packed in a quart jar). It was won by Mr. William March, of South Omaha, for the nearest guessing.

The Deaf Ladies' Aid Society meets at the homes of members by turn, on the first Thursday of each month. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Charles Comp, in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Boston, of South Omaha, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Francis McGuire and Miss Maude Marshall, of Lincoln, at their home, on Sunday, the 11th, and had a very pleasant time.

Miss Minnie E. Olin and her parents now reside in this city, and live at 2222 Douglas Street.

Miss Maude Marshall left for her home in Lincoln on Tuesday, the 20th, after spending three months here visiting her sister, Mrs. McGuire, and friends. Their mother, Mrs. Julia Marshall, will come to Omaha some time after New Year's, to spend a couple of months with her daughter.

Mr. Herman H. Kohn went to Chicago to spend Christmas with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Wilcutt, of Marion, Ind., stopped in this city last week to see several of their friends before starting for Colorado and California, where they intend to visit, this winter.

Rev. Mr. Philip J. Hasenstab, of Chicago, conducted a very interesting service and administered the Holy Communion at the Walnut Hill M. E. Church, Sunday afternoon, the 18th. There was a large audience of deaf-mutes. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab and his assistant, Rev. Mr. Rutherford, have won the admiration of the deaf in this community. They are fortunate in having among them religious workers of so high an order. Rev. Mr. Rutherford comes once every month, Rev. Mr. Hasenstab once in three months.

We wish the readers of the JOURNAL "A Happy, prosperous New Year."

Crumbs of Wisdom from "Old Gordon Graham."

"It's been my experience that when an office begins to look like a family-tree, you'll find worms tucked away snug and cheerful in most of the apples."

"When a man makes a specialty of knowing how the other fellow ought to spend his money, he usually thinks in millions and works for hundreds."

"When an ass gets the run of the pasture, he finds thistles."

"No man's a failure till he's dead or loses his courage, and that's the same thing."

"I'm hopeful, but I'm a good deal like the old deacon back in Missouri who thought that games of chance were sinful, and so only bet on sure things—and I'm not betting."

"Trouble postponed always has to be met with accrued interest."

"Don't hurt any one if you can help it, but if you must, a clean, quick wound heals soonest."

Happiness is health of heart. Short prayers bring quick returns.

Little sins never stay small.

A wrong is always worth forgetting.

The shallow head soon gets sore.

Heavenly mindedness is not earthly blindness.

The money must be measured by the man.

Time knows nothing of a reverse lever.

No amount of polish can make a pearl of a pebble.

The love that is never wasted soon withers.

Prayer is only a pillow at night when it has been an endeavor all day.

The wind does not whistle through the barn that is full of wheat.

A man cannot have his interest in sin and keep his principle clean. The light of this world are not doing their shining before mirrors. Sanctification is a good deal more than feeling sore on the rest of creation.

OHIO.

A Successful Deaf-Mute Farmer.

THE BLIND AND DEAF.

Basket Ball and News Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Mr. Nathan R. McGrew, of Gilman, Ia., in renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, adds that the creditors of the defunct bank at Grinnell—he was one—will get about all their money back. The failure did not worry Mr. McGrew very much. He was in Grinnell last Friday and attended the service given at the home of Mr. E. S. Waring, by Rev. Hasenstab.

There must have been an immense crop of potatoes in Iowa last season, considering the cheap price they sold for. Mr. McGrew disposed of 638 bushels, getting only 24 cents a bushel for them. In addition, he has 600 bushels of corn cribbed ready to be sold. He also rented his pastures from which he realized about \$500. Who says that farming does not pay for the deaf? It should be understood that Mr. McGrew has retired from active work, and his land is worked on the share plan, his age compelling him to cease work. But he in his stronger days brought his property up to what it is now, and hence enjoys the fruition of it.

He attended the St. Louis Fair and was sorry he couldn't be at the Ohio Reunion, but hopes to be spared to attend the next one.

A writer of the Columbus Evening Dispatch recently visited the Institution and spent some time with Miss Hedden and her deaf, dumb and blind pupil, John Porter Riley, and of her observations gave the following account in last Sunday's paper:

"Can there be anything more pathetic than the words 'blind and deaf' for all the joy of life seems shut out from these unfortunates; yet seeing them one cannot but be surprised that existence is such a delightful thing after all, for as a rule their finger tips bring to them sights that we cannot appreciate."

"At his typewriter working diligently, sat a colored boy of sixteen in his room at the institution for the deaf, the other day, and beside him sat his teacher, Miss Grace Hedden, who has this boy as her pupil."

"He was writing to his grandmother and the sheets contained hardly one mistake. When he was at all doubtful, he turned to his teacher, who spelled rapidly upon her fingers placed within his broad palm the word he wished to use, or the phrase he wished to express and again the keys kept up their 'click, click.'"

"John Porter Riley came to the institution two years ago, having been 'discovered' by a Cleveland woman at his home in Akron, who knew the State provided instruction for the blind-deaf. He had lost sight and hearing when seven years old, so that he could in a way articulate, but in such manner that no one could understand him except those with whom he lived. His mind is therefore that of a child of nine, but his progress has been so rapid that he does most excellent work in all branches."

"Miss Hedden has been his constant companion since he was brought to the institution and while her pupil is a colored boy with all the characteristics of his race, he is versatile and interesting, with a sunny disposition that endears him to those who know him."

"It is interesting to watch him at his machine writing his arithmetic lesson. With his left hand on his book (printed in Braille, or raised points), he feels the lesson and with his right hand clicks off the answers and his papers are always correct in every particular his mind possessing a mathematical bent that is quite wonderful."

"Miss Hedden found her pupil ignorant of everything when she first assumed charge of him, and the account of how she took object after object, spelling the name on her fingers for him to feel, then writing it in Braille, until he was familiar with the names; how she labored to understand his faulty articulation and the care with which she makes him utter his words, form a very interesting story, and to see the pupil himself, wide-awake and interested in everything, illustrates what is being done for these unfortunates who have lost the most precious gifts of God."

"The boy is ingenious, and in his weekly trips to the carpenter shop has evolved many wonderful things. He has made a fall-leaf table on the 'mission' order, that is a work of art; he has found the works of a clock which he has repaired and put in a case; he has made a wonderful contrivance with wheels of spools which he calls his

automobile, and taking it altogether he is an exceptionally bright youth and a great credit to his teacher, whose labors cannot be imagined by any one who has never tried this method of instruction."

"Miss Hedden comes from Upper Sandusky and was a stranger to this kind of work until she took the colored boy as her pupil, but her advancement has been rapid; her patience exhaustless and her success in bringing the good things of life within reach of one whose sight and hearing are gone, has been marvelous."

The first Independent Basket Ball team, under Manager Jones, and accompanied by the writer, went down to Ashville last evening to play the High School team there. It was raining all evening and that prevented a big crowd. However, over a hundred saw the contest, and a pretty one it was. The final score was Ashville, 23; Independents, 19. Manager R. W. Kroff did the handsome thing after the game by treating to a fine lunch, consisting of sandwiches, coffee, cake, and bananas. The treat was greatly enjoyed by the boys. Mr. Ezra Hedges, whose home is in the town, was around, and helped explain matters during the contest. What was most pleasing, several of the hearing people could talk to the deaf, having learned to "cut the air" with their fingers from Mr. Hedges.

Mr. Ezra Hedges came up to Columbus this morning and from here left for Cleveland, where he will spend the holidays with his friends.

Mr. Walter Wark started this morning for his old home, Sarnia, Canada, to pass the holidays, and also to present at the wedding of a sister, who is to be married on Wednesday.

Under the management of the Misses Fesenbeck, the Cincinnati deaf are to have a sale and fair for the benefit of the Home, Saturday, December 31st. The place is St. Paul's Church, corner Seventh and Plum Streets. Admission, which includes ice cream and cake, is ten cents. We hope there will be a big turn out, and thus reward the ladies for their efforts.

Superintendent and Mrs. Jones were away from Tuesday to Thursday, attending the golden wedding anniversary of the latter's parents, at Huntsville, O.

The expectation of having a white Christmas has been dissipated by the rain of yesterday and to-day, which has wiped off every vestige of the beautiful. Well, the deluge is welcomed here, for cisterns were all empty and people have been strangers with rain water all this while.

The moving picture entertainment by Messrs. McGregor and Grigsby, last Friday, netted the Home \$10.

The inmates at the Home will be well remembered tomorrow. The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society sent up a large collection of fruits, candies and other good things. The Cleveland Society wished each member a merry Christmas accompanied with a white linen apron for the women and a scarf each for the men. The Misses Fesenbeck sent money to a friend here with instructions to buy each inmate a gift.

School was dismissed yesterday at noon, thus allowing teachers and pupils an additional half holiday. There will be no Sunday School tomorrow. Tonight pupils will be entertained at a while by "Santa Claus," when he will make each pupil happy with a gift of candy and oranges. There will also be a Christmas tree on the stage with appropriate exercises giving welcome and report to "Kris Kinkle."

A happy New Year to all, and may 1905 bring joy and prosperity to every reader of the JOURNAL.

A. B. G.

Dec. 24, '04.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.
9 23	6 30	4 18	1 15	12 26
MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE	
12 26	9 23	7 21	4 18	

You are asked to show your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,

REV. P. S. GILMORE

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

Mrs. Henry S. DeCelle (nee Miss Annie Palmer) presented her husband with twin girls on November 18th. All are doing well.

PHILADELPHIA.

Lost Her Place and Killed Herself.

WEDDING BELLS CHIME

News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following was reported in one of the city papers last week:

"Despondent on account of long-continued ill-health, and the loss of her position at the Mt. Airy Deaf and Dumb Institute, Miss Cora M. Storm committed suicide yesterday afternoon in the home of a friend, Mrs. A. B. Train, 1428 Euclid place, Washington, D. C. Her body was found about 3 o'clock hanging in the closet of her room."

Miss Storm, who was thirty three years old, and her sister, Miss Daisy Storm came to this city seven or eight years ago from Bethlehem, Pa. They both obtained positions as supervisors at the Mt. Airy Institute and later both were made assistant matrons.

Miss Storm took her work very seriously and the responsibility preyed on her mind to such an extent that she became ill. For the last year and a half she struggled along, determined not to give up.

About six weeks ago her condition became so serious that the directors of the institute requested her resignation, promising a reinstatement when she recovered her health. Miss Storm then went to Washington to visit her friend, Mrs. Train.

Miss Storm's sister and father have gone to Washington to take charge of the body, and take it back to Bethlehem."

This sad news of Miss Storm's sudden death to every one connected with the Institution. She was much liked and respected by all who knew her and it was only thought that her broken health had enforced a rest on her. That she should have taken it otherwise is regretted, but it was probably unavoidable to one in her state of mind. Sympathy is expressed for the family to whom the shock must be greater than we can imagine.

The Evening Bulletin, December 21st, contained this:

MILFORD, DEL., Dec. 21.—A bride and bridegroom, both deaf-mutes, married by a clergyman who does not understand the sign alphabet, was the unique wedding solemnized to-day at the home of B. B. Deputy, when his daughter, Miss Clara Deputy, became the wife of Henry Weisel, of Philadelphia.

The ceremony was performed under a bower of holly and mistletoe by the Rev. G. P. Jones, pastor of Avenue M. E. Church. The ring ceremony was used. Miss Florence Deputy, a sister of the bride, stood by the pastor and acted as interpreter to the deaf and dumb couple, repeating his words in the sign language. At the point in the service where the responses are made by the bride and groom the couple were allowed to read from the book and made the responses with their hands. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Edna Deputy, and her niece, Miss Anna Johnson, of Newark, Del.

The acquaintance which terminated in a wedding to-day was begun some years ago when Miss Deputy and Mr. Weisel a school for deaf-mutes in Washington. Miss Deputy was not born a deaf-mute, but her affliction dates from her third year, and is the result of being struck by lightning during a severe electrical storm. The couple will make their future home in Germantown, where the bridegroom is an enterprising mechanic.

Thursday, December 22d, at noon, Rev. F. C. Smielau united in marriage, Robert F. Drumheller and Miss Katie Wahl. The ceremony was held in the main parlor of the Commonwealth Hotel at Harrisburg. Mr. and Mrs. Drumheller are graduates of the Mt. Airy School. They will live at Bangor, Pa.

Thursday, December 22d, at 8 o'clock in the evening, Rev. F. C. Smielau united another couple at Steelton—George E. McC. Bitner and Mrs. Fannie Shriner. They were attended by Mr. James R. Pfeiffer and Mrs. Chas. Haupt.

We are pleased to announce the marriage, on December 15, of Miss Mary Emma, hearing daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roland M. Barker, to Mr. James Samuel Callio, at Johnstown, Pa. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Barker here wish the young couple every happiness.

Little Margaret, the bright and winsome daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders, met with an accident on Wednesday of last week, while preparing to bathe, by which her right arm was severely scalded. She is bearing it like a little heroine.

Christmas Day was observed at All Souls' Church by a celebration of Holy Communion in the after-

noon, 2:30 o'clock. The interior of the church was tastefully decorated with holly and other greens. The choir, composed of six ladies, appeared for the first time in cap and surplice and made a pleasing impression. Since last Easter this choir has rendered hymns regularly on Sunday, except during part of the summer season, and their appearance in vestments now is a decided improvement. The pastor selects the hymn each week and the members of the choir commit it to memory before the service, so that they can render it without having to look at the Hymnal. Laborious and unnecessary as this practice may seem, there need be no objection to it so long as the ladies conveniently do it, as they now will. The attendance was not as large as was expected on this great Festival Day, but it was probably owing to the stormy weather which seemed at its height at the very time of All Souls' service.

To night (December 26th) All Souls' holds its annual Christmas festival, when addresses will be made and presents distributed.

We beg to remind the local deaf of the moving picture exhibition at All Souls' Hall, next Saturday evening, December 31st. Having seen it already, we can say that it will be a fine treat. There will be about fifty subjects which will give two hours' entertainment. Exhibition is for the benefit of the church and begins at 8 P.M. Admission, 25 cents.

Lucien Walton, a book-binder by trade, died early on Thursday morning, December 22d, and was buried to-day.

Miss Kate Stetser, of Lancaster, is spending a two weeks' vacation around here, being the guest of Mrs. Harry E. Stevens.

Geo. B. Wilson has got a steady position at the H. Belfield Pipe Works.

Messrs. John W. Blaine and Frank Stewart, of Washington, D. C., spent Christmas in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Mekeal, mortgagee of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, continue to show an interest in the Home, and attended the recent Fair in aid of it.

Mrs. E. McGucken has made her appearance at All Souls' again, after a long absence.

Adam Hartig mourns the loss of a \$30 watch, presented to him by an aunt, which he thinks was picked from his pocket while out walking, recently.

John Q. Hahn left Quakertown about a month ago upon the return of the employe whose place he had supplied, there being no place for him there.

Mrs. Geo. W. Campbell was able to present All Souls' three dollars, the profit from sales of a comical doll of her own make-up. Her thoughtfulness and help is to be commended.

The Silent Field Club have re-organized under the name of the Philadelphia Deaf A. C. The initiation fee is fifty cents and the dues ten cents a week. John Sayles is the president; Mr. McEvilly, vice-president; Daniel Chestnut, secretary; Mr. Jacobs, treasurer.

A Happy New Year to all.

Holiday Features at the Eden Musee.

The holiday attractions at the Eden Musee are more interesting than ever before. No expense has been spared, and therefore the Musee is just replete with dainty and interesting attractions. These will remain a feature until sometime after New Year's. The entire interior of the Musee is decorated, and all of the wax groups and figures have on a holiday appearance. Even the Chamber of Horrors has been brightened up a bit, and there is merriment going on in every part of the Musee. A number of Christmas groups are of special interest to children, and include a wholesale distribution of presents. The exhibition of Moving Pictures is wonderfully interesting. A different series is shown each hour, so that visitors can see as many pictures as they desire. Among these pictures are many Christmas scenes and reproductions of Fairy Tales. One picture shows the dream of a little girl who has been reading Fairy Stories. In rapid succession appear scenes from Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Alladin, and other famous tales. At three o'clock each afternoon and at nine in the evening Powell, Magician, and the clever Majilons give a fascinating entertainment. They are clever masters of magic and juggling.

Sow a sin and reap a sorrow.

Words are the windows of the soul.

Cherishing malice is nurturing misery.

Every biography embraces all history.

A little charity makes a lot of cheer.



## "DAYS OF YORE."

Again I linger in my paradise,  
In solitude, as ever left alone,  
And as the visions of my childhood rise,  
I think of times forever gone.

Once more I live in innocence and glee,  
The harmless pleasures of a by-gone day,  
Once more in brightest vision I can see  
My homestead as I left it far away.

The zigzag streets of my old native town,  
The school, in winter cold, in summer  
hot,  
The teacher with his many wrinkled frown,  
And lastly we, a most promising lot.

Though rules were strict, we grew alone  
like weeds,  
Incorrigibly missing virtue's path,  
To revel in the glory of our deeds,  
And kindle up the poor, dear teacher's  
wrath.

A little boy, still I remember well,  
Through all the house my songs unceas-  
ing rang,  
And with an aid and fear-provoking bell  
Called steadily attention as I sang.

Off with my sister, hand in hand,  
I hastened fast to greet familiar sounds,  
As nearer drew the military band,  
Ah, then, my exultation knew no bounds!

And when the tunes were ringing high and  
clear,  
I listened wistful to each melody,  
Gazed at the men with awe-inspired face,  
And vowed that a musician I would be.

At home, in imitation of the play,  
I made the music of that band so true,  
Which still resounded at the close of day,  
Before I, tired, into dreamland flew.

Ah, what a joy was that manœuvre week,  
When on each house-top flags and banners  
streamed,  
And high on every hill and mountain peak,  
The snow white tents beneath the sun-  
light gleamed.

Behind the soldiers marching in accord,  
With my companions walking side by  
side,  
Each bearing his unheeded wooden sword,  
We formed the vanguard of our nation's  
pride.

Till weary from the long exhausting tramp  
We hardly any more could stand the test,  
And finally arriving in the camp  
Said down amid the fresh-mown hay to  
rest.

When winter long its snowy covers spread  
And Yule-tide blessings kept me in a  
trance,  
And everybody with mysterious tread,  
Was going to and fro, so still and  
strange.

How did I then await with throbbing heart  
The evening of that wondrous Christmas  
Day,  
When finally the door was thrust apart,  
And all the room in dazzling splendor lay.

But, though before me stood the glittering  
tree,  
I knew it not, and thought that still I  
dreamed  
Within the embrace of my phantasy,  
So heavenly, so wonderful it seemed!

Until my mother called me by my name,  
As I enraptured at the door did stand,  
And as I lingered still, she to me came  
To lead me truly into fairyland.

But, Oh! how grievous was that Christmas  
when  
Our darling Elsa left me all alone,  
How gloomy were the candles burning then,  
How dim to me their former lustre shone.

This was my first, but not my only loss,  
Though young in years, I felt a dreary  
woe,  
Where lilies in the evening breezes toss,  
Far from the town, then often would I go.

To beautify the lonely little grave,  
And pray for her who lay there buried  
deep,  
That from her suffering she now peace  
might have,  
And no more pains disturb her dreamless  
sleep.

Through silent parks at dusk I wandered  
slow,  
To hear the nightingale repeat her strain,  
Ah, to those voices of so long ago,  
With bleeding heart I listen now in vain.

Proud expectations vanished into night,  
My ear is shut to all those songs of yore;  
Farwell! Ye hopes that made my life so  
bright,  
Irrevocably gone forevermore.

Yet heaven seems to cast an angry,  
For softly gleams a solitary star,  
As if those hopes that are now lost to me,  
Were secretly descending from afar.

P. D.

## THE BISHOP'S IMPROMPTU.

"Whatever passed you," said  
Miss Cordelia, "to quarrel with her?"  
"I didn't. It was she who quar-  
reled with me."

"Don't be an Adam,"  
Bert ignored the case of Adam.  
"If I could see her alone," he said  
gently—"alone accidentally."

"Accidentally, of course. That's  
where I come in?"  
"Why not?"

"Because I am on her side."  
"But so"—radiantly—"am I. Al-  
ways on her side."

"I see. And I don't see any hope  
for you."  
"Then I'm sorry to be a nuisance,  
Miss Cordelia, but," settling himself  
like a rock, "I must stay until she  
comes. She comes often, doesn't  
she?"

Miss Cordelia began to laugh.  
"Why," she asked, "don't you  
write to her?"

"I want to be sure that she cares  
before—well, one doesn't like to be  
a bound for nothing."

"And how will you be made sure?"  
"Oh, the minute I see her."

"And then—" Miss Cordelia lea-  
ned toward him with her own eyes  
twinkling.

"Then I'll kidnap her," cried  
Bert, and sprang to his feet, "If  
she cares, Miss Cordelia, upon my  
soul—I'll kidnap her!"

"Oh, how young and silly," said  
Miss Cordelia, and sighed.

"Listen. It's quite sensible," Bert  
explained joyously. "The engage-  
ment was talked about you know:  
every one discovered it."

"Yes," Miss Cordelia assented  
and smiled.

"Now the break is being talked  
about. And Nixie, poor little girl,  
hates the whole business."

"Oh, indeed," repeated Miss Cor-  
delia.

Bert gave her a nod. "It's great,"  
he cried, and made for the door.  
"I'll see the bishop."

"Mercy on us!" protested Miss  
Cordelia; but he only paused to  
make a brief request.

"Miss Cordelia—"  
"Oh, you silly boy."  
"Ask her to wear white."

"I dare say."  
"I'll tell her the rest myself."  
"And when," laughed Miss Cor-  
delia, "is she to wear white?"

"To-night. You wouldn't have  
me live through another day like  
this?"

Miss Cordelia surrendered.  
"Come to dinner," she told him.  
"Come early—and—we'll see."

"It's great," said Bert, and was  
off.

Miss Cordelia began to feel a  
little fluttered. She got Nixie on  
the telephone. Would Nixie come  
to dinner? Nixie would be de-  
lighted to come.

"And I wish," called Miss Cor-  
delia next, "that you'd wear white,  
dear. I—I like you in white."

"It's very fortunate, then, that  
I've a new white silk," said Nixie.  
Miss Cordelia chuckled. "Come  
early," she asked. "Be sure to  
come early, and Nixie—"

"There's quite a snow beginning.  
Wear that pretty warm cloak of  
yours, the long, fur lined one, with  
the hood. We're all going to a—  
a little impromptu at the Bishop's  
and come back to supper," and then  
she fled out of hearing.

Nixie dressed as desired and  
came early.

They went down and found Mr.  
Jordan waiting. There was a white  
rosebud in his coat and he was  
rather white himself, but a kind of  
smoldering fire was in his eyes.

"Will you show Nixie my new  
orchid?" suggested Miss Cordelia.  
"I must stay here to receive the  
other guests. And, Bert, tell her  
about the impromptu—the Bishop's  
impromptu." Mr. Jordan bowed.  
Nixie led out with a graceful non-  
chalance.

They at once forgot the new or-  
chids, though a whole end of the  
conservatory was a cascade with  
their weird, rainbow bloom. A  
light swung over them—not an  
aggressive light. In the darkness  
outside they could see the soft  
fluttering of the snow against the  
glass.

After a silent time Nixie pouted.  
"You needn't sulk," she told him.  
"I didn't mean to," Bert pro-  
tested in hurried meekness. "I  
was only anxious about—about  
some roses that I've ordered."

"Oh, indeed!"  
"Yes, I was wondering if they'd  
get to the bishop's in time."

"You and Miss Cordelia," she re-  
marked sedately, "seem to have the  
Bishop's impromptu quite weighing  
on your minds."

"Oh, it's no great matter to her,"  
said Bert.

"But a great matter to you."  
"Well, they're bride roses, you  
see."

"A wedding," cried Nixie alertly.  
"Was that what Miss Cordelia  
meant—a wedding?"

"Yes," he admitted, "that is  
what she meant." And he was as  
white as his rosebud.

She looked at him and suddenly  
the battle was again in her eyes.

"How stupid of me," she said,  
and made a low bow to him. "Of  
course only the bridegroom sends  
the bride roses. Allow me to con-  
gratulate you. You've been break-  
ing it to me gently—I am so much  
to you—that you are the happy  
man."

"It is my wedding," said Bert,  
and set his teeth.

But there came a diversion. The  
swish of skirts, with chatter and  
laughter going down to the hall.

Mr. Jordan gravely offered his  
arm. The girl's lips quivered. She  
looked up at him in swift appeal,  
in the way of the days before the  
quarrel.

"They'll all know," he fal-  
tered, "that you've been telling me,  
and they will try not to stare, and  
not to smile, and it will be horrid,  
horrid."

"Don't go," said Bert.  
She gave a nervous laugh and  
slipped her hand within his arm,  
but he stood still.

"I think," said Bert, astutely  
bending his head to listen, "that  
they're sending for us." Truly a  
step came down the hall.

"Oh," gasped Nixie, "so they  
are!"

"Let's cut and run," said Bert.  
But in another instant they  
had whisked out among the stray  
flakes of the piazza. She leaned  
against one of the pillars. One  
hand in a hurried little flutter of  
excitement went to her throat. The  
other Bert held and felt it trem-  
bling.

"Come on," joyously facing the  
snowy night; "come on!"  
"Come where?" The dismay of  
it was touching, but Bert laughed.

"To the Bishop," he explained.  
"The impromptu—"

"But I don't want to go there  
now."

"Why not? You always intend-  
ed, didn't you, to be married by the  
bishop? Why not now?"

He laughed triumphantly, and,  
snatching her up in his arms, ran  
out into the street and ready under  
the great fur robes of the sleigh was  
the hooded cloak.

"How ever did Miss Cordelia  
guess?" laughed Bert, as he drew it  
about her, "or did you tell her?"

"You are two wicked plotters,"  
replied Nixie indignantly. "I shall  
go back to dinner."

"I shall go back to that dinner."  
But the groom had stepped back  
from the horse's head.

"It's great," cried Bert as they  
dashed down the street with the  
soft, cold beat of the snow in their  
faces. "And I can't stop the horse  
unless—"

"Well, unless?"  
"Unless you wait him stopped,  
Nixie."

"Do you know," asked Nixie  
demurely, "if either of us has told  
the bishop? Because it would not be  
respectful to disappoint him."

"But there's one thing Nixie."  
This somewhat later.  
"Oh, is there?"

"You haven't your mind at all on  
Nellie Carl, have you?"  
"Well," said Nixie, and softly  
laughed, "I don't see why you  
sould kidnap the wrong girl."

So they dashed on toward the  
bishop.—*San Francisco Call.*

Boys Who Made Great Men.

A Swedish boy fell out of a win-  
dow and was badly hurt, but with  
climbed lips he kept back the cry  
of pain. The King Gustavus  
Adolphus, who saw the boy fall,  
prophesied that the boy would make  
a man for emergency. He did, for  
he became the famous General  
Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers  
to get their color, and painted the  
white side of his father's cottage in  
the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures,  
which the mountaineers gazed at as  
wonderful. He was the great artist  
Titian.

An old painter watched a little  
fellow who amused himself by  
making drawings of his pot and  
brushes, easel, and stool, and said:  
"That boy will beat me one day."

He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German was reading a blood-  
and-thunder novel. Right in the  
midst of it he said to himself: "Now  
this will never do. I get too much  
excited over it. I can't study so  
well after reading it. So here it  
goes!" And he flung the book  
into the river. He was Fichte,  
and the great German philosopher.

—*The Morning Star.*

It is a most lamentable truth that  
in this world of bread the cry of a  
hungry stomach supersedes the cry  
of a hungry soul.

He cannot help who does not  
hope.

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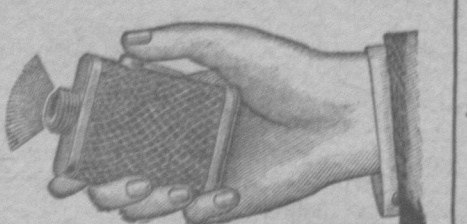
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of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built  
some twenty-five feet back from the  
line of the street to permit the erec-  
tion of such a building as above  
indicated, which will form a facade  
to the church edifice and be a center  
of religious and social life amongst  
the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet  
hoped during his lifetime to see the  
erection of this building, which  
would have completed the church  
with which his name has always  
been associated. This was not per-  
mitted, and it is suggested as a  
most fitting memorial to him that  
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